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Retirement file

Pensions Sought for Aged Agents . . .

With Cloaks Too Tight, Daggers Dented

Old CIA Spies Never Die, They Just Tire and Droop and Fly the Coup

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Washington—There is a bill in Congress described as the Central Intelligence Agency Retirement Act of 1963 for Certain Employees. The Central Employees? The CIA?

It is the sort of thing to

which the ordinary person

probably never gives a

thought, but Capitol Hill a

small band of humanitarians

is worrying about it. What

happens to old spies when the

time comes when there is all

them, when there is no longer

any test for the day's coup?

Give a thought to the spy

who's not youthful,
Whose cravings for action
depend
Upon plotting a coup, knows
just what he must do
But finds he's reluctant to

start.

It makes a fairly heart-

rending thought. There's

James Bond, or at least his

equivalent, in the CIA, his

trenchcoat now indefinitely

hiding the bulge at his waist,

crouched behind a palmetto

bush and reluctant to leave

to get out and egg on the

revolutionaries.

His hat can't quite hide his

bifocals.

A bifocals resides under

neath,
And now he escapes from his
various scrapes
By the skin of detachable
teeth.

Meanwhile, back at the

hotel, a lissome girl waits,

disenchanted. Some spy. Last

night at Rick's—ahh, Rick's in

the old days: things had been

different then—she had over-

hauled him with a little instruc-

tion to the bartender: "An

eight-to-one martini, Jose; one

part gin, eight parts Geritol."

His Beretta tucked into his

pocket.

A kid in elastized hose,

He tracks down his clues (in

his arch-support shoes),

As he matches tired wits with
his foes,
"It's the end of the road,"
Fogarty, you're all washed
up. There's no room for tired
spies in the CIA." It had com-
to that. The grey head bows.
After all these years, after
all those company places —
Guanica, San Vito, half
Cuba, the back alleys of half
the world—all washed up.
"Sorry; too old." "Sorry,
we're not hiring any spies to
day." "Leave your number.
If anything comes up, we'll
let you know."

Shed a tear for the agent

who's aged.

Who finds that the grind
causes a pall.
"Who greatest delight when
he's off for the night.
Is to sit by the fire in his
shanty.
Well, it was all done now.
The place is a seedy water-

front bar somewhere in the

sub-tropics. Who sees
him, who sees he did wealth
the cheap boozes?" "You don't
know? That's Senator

Fogarty. He was big spy

wance with CIA. Now he jus-

see there saying 'Shilling a

day, blooming good pay, lucky

to touch it, shilling a day.'

"That's Kipling, no?" "No,

I theenk ees call' poverty."
How poignant—this spy, once
a master.
Once nerveless when danger
Now shaken and strained
and all varicose-veined
And cast off in the sunset of
life.

Let me pause to remember the
agent.
Whose talents by age are
impaired.
Just think at his peak, what
a commanding agent.
Let him know by his pension
you cared.

But what's this letter from
an anonymous CIA man that
Congressman Allen Smith of
California has read in the
Congressional Record? " . . .

already employees in their

30s are making plans to get

advanced degrees by going to

night school, thereby lessening

the effectiveness of their daily

work, in order to get a better

position outside when their

50th birthday comes around."

His career in the CIA is

over; the old spy must be

a changed place. Night school.

In his day any spy worth his

salt knew what the nights

were for.

With a barely perceptible

nod he commanded a fresh

drink. To hell with Margaret

and the kids. Once a spy, al-

ways a spy.